682 wit.

Numb. 9.

Heraclitus Ridens.

AT

A DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST* Concerning the *TIMES.*

From Saturday, August the 28*th*, to Tuesday the 31*th*. 1703.

Jest. LET 'em say what they will, we must get the better of 'em——The Church Boy, will carry the Day, and we shall yet sing *O be joyful!*

Earn. I should be glad to see that Day—— But by what means, to bring it about, it is not in my Power to divine. These Dissenting Teachers have a Perswasive way with 'em, and by making an Interest with the Citizen's Wives, soon get in with their Husbands.

Jest. Their Doctrines are most applicable to the Tender Sex. And Strength of Argument would be too hard for their Digestion. Weak Food is rightly prepar'd for weak Constitutions, and Women have a mighty Propensity to *Canting* and *Whining.* Those two Qualities are the Leading-strings to *Love,* and direct em into the very Thoughts of *Enjoyment:* But pri'thee where lies the Greatness of our Loss in being without such People, whose Consciences are kept under their Wives Lock and Key, and are Cajol'd into what posture they please by a Feminine Wheadle?

Earnest. The Number of a Party is of great Advantage to it, though the Principles they adhere to be never so Ridiculous, and a Multitude is of Dangerous Consequence, when they tell double the Noses of those that are opposite to 'em. To go into a Conventicle, is the best *Sudorifick* can be prescrib'd to a Man now a days, and however the Zeal of those People may be *Warm* that go to Church; the *Dog-days* bring *Winter* to their Bodies, and the Thinness of the Congregation makes 'em stand in need of nothing to cool 'em.

Jest. I can't hold with your Assertion by any means——Certainly you have never been at St. *Paul's.* The Flux of People there would cause you to make use of your Handkerchief, and the largest Meeting-house in *London* bear no Proportion with it.

Earnest. And what should I do there, where Men go out of Curiosity and Interest, not for the sake of Religion? Your *Occasionalists* have the Sword carried before 'em thither, and endeavour to Cheat the World by Dissembling with God Almighty. Your Shop-keepers Assemble there as at Full-Change, and the *Buyers* and *Sellers* are far from being *cast out of the Temple.* The Body of the Church every *Lord's Day,* contains three times the Number of the Choir, and when the Organ has done Playing, an Adieu to Devotion, the greatest Part of the Audience gives you their Room, rather than their Company.

Jest. But there is a way to support the Authority of the Church Establish'd in such a Manner, that no Schism or Faction whatsoever shall stand in Competition with it.

Earnest. I should be glad to hear it, for tho' you and I meet on purpose to make *Heraclitus* merry, I must be plain with you, I am as heavy at Heart as Himself, on account of the low Condition we are now in. Dear Rogue, out with your Ways and Means, for I am with Child till I know what they are. *Support the Authority of the Church Establish'd,* that is certainly more than a *Herculian* Labour at this Time of Day.

Jest. You form difficult Ideas to your self, when things may be easily brought to bear. Suppose the Citizens of *London* should make use of a Church of *England* Lord Mayor to Succeed the Present, who is a Great Ornament to it. *Michaelmas*-Day is near at hand, What think you of an Interest to be made to Return Sir *John Parsons,* Sir *Charles Duncomb,* Sir *Thomas Cook,* or any Two of 'em to the Court of Aldermen; Would it not be a Great Advantage to the Cause which we have taken upon us to Defend?

Earnest. I scarce think of it at all. The City of *London* is so *Immoderately* inclin'd to what they call *Moderation,* that it is not in their Conception to harbour an Opinion Conformable to my Wishes, We got Sir *Samuel Dashwood* into the Chair very Difficultly last Year; and they will Tug hard, but Sir *O*——*n* shall be Exalted above his Betters, this. If they out-number Us, they must get the Day of consequence, since one Livery-man's Vote carries no more Weight with it than anotner's.

Jest. I can't be perswaded but we shall be too hard for 'em. Is not the Lieutenancy quite another thing to what it was two Years since? The Leading Trumps are of our Side, and will bring the rest of the Pack under our Obedience. *Regis ad Exemplum* is the Word; and as the Magistracy is for us, those that have a Dependency upon it, cannot be against it.

Earnest. The present Lord Mayor is a true Son of the Church, yet I don't hear of any Proselytes come over to us during his Mayoralty. The same Caballs are form'd as were in the Times of his Predecessors, and Faction is still as busy as a Bee in every Corner. We want

want their Aſſiduity, Friend, their Purſes are continuallly open, and they ſpare no Charge to carry on their Deſigns againſt the Dignity of the Church and Crown They have Juſtices of the Peace on their Side, and a Commitment is at any time at their Service.

Jeſt. I am for a further Reform yet amongſt the Lieutenancy, and having thoſe Common-Council Men flung out of it that are not of the Church's Intereſt. There is not a Ward in the City but wants Purging, and the way to make the Publick Conſtitution Healthful and Vigorous, is to remove thoſe Obſtructions that hinder a due Circulation of Religion in the Body Politick.

Earn. A Reformation muſt begin ſomewhat higher before that can be accompliſh'd. Every Man of Quality is not of your Opinion that lives within a Mile of St. *James*'s, and the Exigencies of State require, that nothing ſhould be done inconſiderately. Play but your Part ſo amongſt the Citizens, as to bring a Church-Man into the *Chair* next Election, and Matters will mend upon our Hands without all manner of Queſtion.

Jeſt. I am one of the worſt Fellows Breathing for ſuch an Enterprize. The Citizens are a Parcel of Clods, not to be mov'd by a Man of my Kidney. They account it one of the Seven Deadly Sins to look Merrily, unleſs after you have over-reach'd your next Neighbour, and it's a Crime of the Higheſt Nature to wear any thing like a Joke in ones Face. It puts em in Mind of the Whore of *Babylon*, *Bartholomew-Fair*, and the Devil and all of Prophaneneſs and Immorality; and I had rather ſit in the Stocks a whole Day, than Faſhion my Looks after their Model. You have a good ſort of a Diſcontented Phyz enough, and may Inſinuate your ſelf into their Affections

Earn. It is but making a Tryal, —— I'll take the Matter in Hand whatſoever comes of it. I have drawn up ſome Reſolutions, which I deſign to lay before the Common-Council, which if once paſs'd into an Act, will do the Buſineſs to a Hair.

Jeſt. Out with 'em, you'll win my Heart if you bring it about. A Parliament-Reſolution for raiſing Four Millions, cannot do half ſo much Good, as the accompliſhment of ſuch a Deſign will.

Earn. I'll Read 'em to you.

Reſolved, That no Perſon ſhall be in a Commiſſion of the Peace, or any other Publick Poſt, but what is known to be a Member of the Eſtabliſh'd Church, and a Conſtant Adherer to the Principles profeſs'd by it, and that it is highly Injurious to her Majeſty's, which is the Church's Intereſt for Diſſenters to Puniſh others that Act contrary to Laws when they themſelves by officiating as Magiſtrates, Violate thoſe very Laws they ſit up for Judges of.

Reſolv'd, That the Perſon admitted into any Place of Honour or Advantage, ſhall take an Oath to be true to the Church Eſtabliſh'd as well as the Government; and he ſhall Swear not to Oppoſe Her Intereſt Directly or Indirectly, as he tenders the Bleſſing of Almighty God.

Reſolved, That no *Occaſional Conformiſt* ſhall creep into the Adminiſtration of this Honourable City, and that he ſhall actually renounce the Errors of *Calviniſm*, *&c.* before his Admiſſion into any Place, and give Security that he will not return as the Dog to the Vomit, to his old Communion again.

Reſolved, That there be a Fund ſettled to maintain the Honour and Dignity of this Eſtabliſh'd Church, and that in order thereunto the like Meaſures may be taken by the Members of it, as are concerted by its Enemies, in making a Purſe to Encourage thoſe who ſhall be any ways concern'd in its Advancement.

Reſolved, That the ſetting up Work-houſes at *Reading* is of no manner of Advantage to the City of *London*; and what has recommended a certain Perſon to be a Parliament-Man, is not of ſufficient Merit to get him a Lord-Mayoralty.

Reſolved, *Diſſentiente Domino Humphredo.* That Hypocriſie and Magiſtracy are not Terms Synonimous; and he that will go to Church to get into an Office, ſhall be obliged to go there when he is out of it.

Reſolved, *Diſſentiente Domino Edwardo.* That no Man ſhall be a Juſtice, that has not a better Head-piece than his Clerk; and that it it is unlawful to go Snacks with a *Pike*, that lives upon the Deſtruction of Leſſer Fiſhes.

Reſolved, *Diſſentiente Odoeno*, That ſome ſort of Knights are not fit to be Lords, and no Man ſhould Sit as Judge in Caſes of Life and Death that has an intereſt in Publick Executions.

So much for the Reſolutions; you ſhall have the Remainder at another Opportunity, for I am loth to tire you, and the Subject we are upon, is a little too Serious. Have you any thing in your Budget to divert *Heraclitus* with. What News is there ſtirring? Nothing from *Italy*, the *Danube*, the *Rhine*, or the *Sambre*, our Generals are not aſleep there certainly.

Jeſt. I have nothing but another Topick of Religion. Let the Obſervator's *Countryman* make a Noiſe with his Fighting Stories. The want of the *Dutch Mails* will let me ſay nothing on that Head. Sir *George Maxwell* is turn'd a Jeſuite at *Bruſſels*, the *News-Paper* tells us, and from a Man of no manner of Learning or Principles, is ſet up for a Doctor in Religion.

Earneſt. It does not Surpriſe me at all. He keeps in the ſame Sphere he ever mov'd in. He was a Gameſter before, and now he is a Juggler, a Gentleman that Plays at *Hocus Pocus* with the Scripture, and from making uſe of falſe Dice, is for making Bubbles with falſe Texts. But a Man that underſtands neither the Practice nor the Theory of Religion, will be no greater Ornament to the *Romiſh* Church, than our *Obſervator*'s Convert in *Black Fryars* is to the *Proteſtant*; and ſo if this be all your News, I am your humble Servant, I'll pick up ſome elſewhere.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THere will be out of Place after the Fair is ended, A Merchant that is worth ſome Thouſands, and has Lett out himſelf only for Seven Days longer to ſhew the Vigo *Plate; If any Perſon that has any ſtrange Monſter to ſhew at* Sturbridge *or* Southwark *Fair, or any other Curioſity, he is ſo deſirous to get Money, That Five Pounds will Engage him in the meaneſt Service any Maſter ſhall find out for him. He is to be ſpoken with near the* Hoſpital-Gate, *where he gives his Attendance, and takes in any Propoſals.*

Printed by *D. Edwards*, and Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. 1703.